



THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE

VO LXXIV

Nº 61



SUMMER TERM 1924



S. B. LOWMAN & SONS,

ESTABLISHED 1860.

Caterers and Pure Food Distributors,

78 to 84, PORTSWOOD ROAD. Tel. No. 4884.

RESTAURANT—91, ABOVE BAR. Tel. 3822.

First Class Luncheons and Dainty Teas at Moderate Prices.

NOTED HOUSE FOR WEDDING CAKES.

Sports Outfitters to the College.

PHILIP

WALTER

MEAD & TOOMER

(England and Hants XL.)

(Late Southampton F.C.)

MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-GRADE

Cricket Bats, Tennis Rackets and Hockey Sticks,
etc.

The "Philip Mead" productions are known throughout the World. We hold the choicest selections of our factory in London, in addition to a fine stock of all the leading Sports Goods.

Factory:

New North Rd.,
London, N.1.

4, LONDON ROAD (1 min. from Tram Junction) SOUTHAMPTON.

The Portswood Tobacco and Stationery Stores.

196, PORTSWOOD ROAD

(Tram Junction),

SOUTHAMPTON.

Papers and Periodicals delivered daily to order

W. SPURR, Proprietor.

UMBRELLAS and WALKING STICKS

Make Useful

Wedding and Birthday Presents

If Purchased from the Manufacturer:

LLOYD TANNER,

20, ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON.

Established 1799.

F. C. HOARE,
FOR RELIABLE BOOT REPAIRS.
350, PORTSWOOD RD., SOUTHAMPTON.

Special Attention given to Students' Work.

Telephone 2861.

Established 1859.

H. M. GILBERT & SON,
Antiquarian and New Booksellers,
24, ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON

Largest Stock in the South of England.
Bring your lists of Books wanted.

Second-hand Books on Education, History, Philosophy and
Science; Standard Sets, etc.

JAMES COMPTON,

MY HOSIER.

MY HATTER.

MY TAILOR.

District Agent for—

"Wolsey" Pure Wool Underclothing. "Radiac" Flannel Shirts.

CHRISTY'S and MACQUEEN'S HATS and CAPS.

EVERETT'S TROUSER PRESSERS.

Club Football Jerseys - - 3/6, 3/6, 4/6.

Football Knickers 2/6, 2/11; Hose 2/6;

Football Boots 10/11; Shin Guards 1/3½;

Portswood Branch—4, PALLADIUM BUILDINGS. 'Phone 5365.

Shirley Branch—106, HIGH STREET, SHIRLEY. 'Phone 3553.

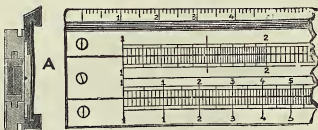
and

81, ST. MARY STREET. 'Phone 4946.
SOUTHAMPTON.

OSBORN & Co.,

9, HIGH STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.

Telephone 3587.



Calculating Slide Rules of English Manufacture, Complete in Case, 20/-.
Log-Log Pattern, 24/-.



Cases of Drawing Instruments from 5/6 to £7 7s. 0d.

Special Attention given
to Engineering Students'
Requirements.

—
Large Stock of Sundries.

—
Inspection Invited.

—
Repairs.

DRAUGHTSMEN'S REQUISITES.
TOOLS AND CUTLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Tel. 4348.

W. COX & SON, Ltd.,
Sports Outfitters,
28, HIGH STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.

THE COLLEGE SPORTS CLUBS—
Cricket—Tennis—Football—Rugby—etc., *Specially Catered for*

THE HIGHFIELD BUNGALOW.

MORTIMORE & Co.,
Newsagents & Stationers,
54, Highfield Lane, Southampton.

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT.

Special Attention Given to Students' Requirements. Orders promptly executed.
CONFECTIONERY. MINERALS. TOBACCO. ICES.

Telephone 4337

S. H. BASTICK & SON,
52, ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON.

Local Agents for—

JAEGER PURE WOOL
AND
AERTEX CELLULAR
Day Shirts. Tennis Shirts. Underclothing, &c.

TRESS' AND CHRISTY'S
—— High Grade Hats and Caps. ——

Always a good selection of SPORTS COATS, FLANNEL TROUSERS, and
High Class READY-TO-WEAR SUITS in Stock.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE COLOURS.
Blazers, Ties, Hat Bands, etc.

A Special Discount of 5% off all purchases to Members of the College.

'Phone 4720.

MURDOCH'S

*Pianoforte and Gramophone Salons,
124, ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON.*

Sole Agents for

ALLISON,

CHAPPELL,

SPENCER,

and the Famous

CONNOISSEUR

PLAYER

PIANOS.



Special

District Agents

for the

"New Process"

COLUMBIA

GRAFONOLA.

The Gramophone

Advance of

The Century.

STUDENTS

ARE EARNESTLY REQUESTED
TO PATRONISE THOSE
TRADESMEN WHO
ADVERTISE IN THE MAGAZINE

The Southampton University College Magazine

Vol. XXIV.

No. 61.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
EDITORIAL	72	DOCKLAND	87
COLLEGE NEWS:—		PASTORAL	89
STUDENTS' COUNCIL	73	JUST-SO STORIES, No. 1	89
HOSTEL NOTES	74	THE VIOLIN	92
CRICKET	77	CHARACTER STUDIES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY	93
TENNIS	78	STAR-GAZERS	94
SOIREE	79	THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY	96
SPORTS DAY	79	A DISCOURSE ON HISTORY	97
S.C.M.	80	VISION	99
PLAY-READING	81	THE DENTIST	100
ENGINEERING	82	MUCH MEDDLING MAKES MISERY	101
SCI. SOC.	83	A TYPICAL DEBATE AT U.C.S.	103
GEOGRAPHICAL	84	MILTON MODERNISED	103
LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION	84	CORRESPONDENCE	104
N.U.S.	86		

Summer Term, 1924.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

Editor—MR. R. WHITING, B.A. *Sub-Editor*—MISS A. EARLE.

Hon. Secretary—MISS E. FRAMPTON.

Hon. Treasurer—MISS P. ALEXANDER.

Committee—

MISS N. FEATHERSTONE. MR. A. D. PURVIS. MR. A. J. KNIGHT.

All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the EDITOR, and should be signed. Articles are printed, either under any selected pseudonym, or over the initials of the writer.

All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS or SUBSCRIPTIONS should be Addressed to the SECRETARY of the Magazine, University College, Southampton

The Southampton University College Magazine.

EDITORIAL.

There are times when the task of producing a College magazine seems particularly ungrateful, yet it is with some regret that we undertake that task for the last time. The weary search for material and the struggle to overcome financial limitations are, after all, compensated for by the thought that, in doing our best to bring out a magazine that may be an expression of our College life and spirit, we are contributing our bit to that life, and making some return for what we have gained in four years' membership of U.C.S.

We take this last opportunity to remind students who have but lately entered College that their life here depends wholly on their own attitude towards their surroundings; no person and no institution can possibly be perfect in all respects; but, while you content yourself with grumbling or holding aloof, improvement will hardly be manifested. One thing will make all the difference—loyalty, both to institutions and to fellow-students. With three hundred people giving ungrudgingly of their best, each in his own way, serious cause for complaint could nowhere remain long—our College motto is itself an assurance to the contrary.

It is especially difficult to find articles for the magazine during the summer term, particularly now that London Finals fall in June, and we are all the more grateful to those who found time to make some contribution to our pages. We must also express our appreciation of the Committee's cheerful and willing support throughout the year, and, lastly, extend our best wishes to next session's Editor and Committee. May contributions pour in upon them, that their chief work may really be to select material for a mag., instead of to scrape it painfully together by dint of appeals, threats, and the baser art of flattery.

We beg to express the heartiest congratulations of all students to Miss Homeyer and Mr. Forsey on their engagement.

We need hardly remark here on the gratification of the College on learning that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales intends, on the occasion of his visit to Southampton, to visit us, too, for a short while, as that gratification will no doubt find worthy and adequate expression on the occasion itself.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

The following are the regulations recently passed by the Students' Council relating to Composition Fees and the disposal of the College Union Funds :—

1. All Composition Fees shall in future be 30/-.
2. College Union Funds to be allotted annually as follows :—
 - (a) Students' Council expenses, including subscription to the National Union of Students and the expenses of delegates to the N.U.S. Conferences.
 - (b) Annual part re-payment of the outstanding debt on the tennis courts.
 - (c) The remaining funds to be distributed among the six main divisions of College Clubs and Societies in the following proportions :—

1. Athletics	75%
2. Magazine	10%
3. Common Rooms	5%
4. Entertainments	5%
5. S.C.M.	5%
6. Miscellaneous	0%

Officials of the various Clubs and Societies for the Session, 1924-25, which have, up to the present time, been elected, are :—

1. ATHLETIC GROUP.

SOCCER.—Captain, Mr. E. J. Wright ; Vice-Captain, Mr. D. E. Ross ; Secretary, Mr. F. R. Pratt.

RUGGER.—Captain, Mr. H. L. Tolley ; Vice-Captain, Mr. E. G. Wright ; Secretary, Mr. A. M. Ward.

MEN'S HOCKEY.—Captain, Mr. L. R. Farrell, Vice-Captain, Mr. L. J. Russell ; Secretary Mr. J. L. St. John.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY.—Captain, Miss MacIntyre ; Vice-Captain, Miss Pearce ; Secretary, Miss Tett.

CRICKET.—Secretary, Mr. L. R. Farrell.

NETBALL.—Secretary, Miss Leach.

SPORTS DAY.—President, Mr. Glover-James ; Secretary, Mr. L. S. Smith.

2. ENTERTAINMENTS GROUP.

ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL.—Secretary, Mr. V. G. Hopkins.

SOIREE.—President, Mr. H. L. Tolley ; Secretary, Mr. C. E. Price.

LIT. AND DEB.—President, Mr. Dudley ; Secretary, Mr. J. G. Taylor.

3. MAGAZINE.

Editor, Mr. E. I. Baker.

Sub-Editor, Miss A. Earle.

Secretary, Mr. E. W. Rugg.

Committee, Miss N. Featherstone, Mr. A. J. Knight.

4. STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

General Secretary, Mr. W. Collihole.

5. COMMON ROOMS.

W.C.R.—President, Miss Evans ; Secretary, Miss Knight ; Committee, Miss Hammond, Miss Featherstone.

M.C.R.—President, Mr. Brandt ; Secretary, Mr. R. Williams ; Committee, Mr. L. Russell, Mr. L. Farrell.

6. MISCELLANEOUS SOCIETIES.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.—President, Dr. D. R. Boyd ; Secretary, Mr. E. J. Holmes ; Committee, Miss Lacy, Mr. Brandt.

REUNION.—Mr. E. J. Holmes and Miss Lacy.

A list of next session's Students' Council will be published in next term's magazine.

HOSTEL NOTES.**HIGHFIELD HALL.**

Dominant sevenths, ninths, elevenths, thirteenth rise to a crescendo, ending in an interrupted cadence—interrupted by the swish of water and crash of a bedroom jug from the N.N.E., and flying legs and hockey-sticks (not to mention Latin grammars, cotton-reels, soap and other equally useful missiles) from the S.S.W. Emerging from the tumult, three—five—no, seven bedraggled cats dash to temporary safety beneath the nearest rhododendron bushes—to renew the serenade at the earliest opportunity.

The garden has been the scene of various activities. Every evening during the early part of the term maidens (though, could you have seen them, you would have doubted the suitability of the title), their flowing robes girded up, indulged in the more strenuous activities of their brothers in preparation for the sports.

We congratulate all from Hostel who were successful in the sports, and those of us who are going down (*hinc illae lacrimae*) hope that they will further distinguish themselves in that and in other pursuits next year.

M. K. C.

SOUTH HILL.

"I am that word whose secret few may steal, called opportunity,

And thou hast spent much time in talk with me,
 Busied with thoughts and fancies vainly grand.
 Nor hast remarked, O fool, neither dost see
 How lightly I have fled beneath thy hand."

The tragedy of neglected opportunity is one in which everyone imagines himself to have played a leading role at some period of his life. We leave undone the good and noble things we ought to have done because we are too lazy to put our "vain fancies" into execution, and we forfeit the tempting palm because we are not willing to endure the dusty strife. When we consider how infinitesimal has been our contribution to all the sum of good with which we have been surrounded here, we, perhaps, do right to be melancholy.

Apart from ourselves, however, everything is as near perfection as possible; even those who have had a nine-hours' day recommended to them as their only chance of professional salvation seem to "snatch a fearful joy" occasionally. Nor has the contemplation of the potatoes which are set before us on week-days any power to depress us, because it conduces to a pleasing anticipation of Sunday.

We hope to give a performance of "The Bond of Heart's Desire," which Miss Ricks has kindly undertaken to produce, at the annual Garden Party, on June 14th. Several Old Students promise to be here for Re-union, and the accommodation problem is causing great excitement. Tennis, so far, has been spasmodic, but this renders one's enthusiasm less likely to sicken and decay. Three people from here have played in College matches.

Before the unthinking silence comes down on our brief strife, we should like to express our very sincere thanks to all those who have piloted us through the tempestuous waters of our academic career, to Mrs. Ashdown, for her unfailing goodness to us at South Hill, and to all those who have smiled upon us. To our successors we recommend the culling of the timely rosebud, because—

“Summer’s lease hath all too short a date.”

K. M. F.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

“Aye, Aye! . . . Screw!”

We commemorate here the latest password of the members of that Brotherhood, whose high spirits have been invaluable in beguiling away the wet days.

The tennis courts have so far been a fine ornament, a notable feature on the greensward, alas, being the “No Play” board. When will it be removed? or has it, as some suggest, taken root? All the term we have been looking forward to small tennis parties, and still we devoutly hope that it is not yet too late, and that summer is not a myth.

Our thanks are due to the Warden and students of South Hill, through whose kindness a number of men have, when weather has permitted, spent an enjoyable time on the South Hill courts.

Something has been said, but so far nothing done, about digging a swimming pool in the grounds. Since the digging is to be done by the students, we hope they will warm up to it during the winter.

We had a real fire alarm one night this term, but, fearing the Editor’s scandalised censorship, we will not attempt to record the event with all its attendant circumstances.

The M.M. Club now boasts a recruit from the staff; the total membership is accordingly nineteen.

We must here mention a peculiar circumstance. Quite recently a town student was enquiring as to the cause of “the dispute between Seniors and Juniors over jam at tea one day.” Was that student joking or serious? In the latter case we can only point out that Seniors and

Juniors alike at Stoneham are all willing to give and take cheerfully in every detail of our family life. We have just cause for pride in the House motto, "*Intus fervet caritas.*"

In conclusion, may we wish every one the very best of luck in their exams., and a jolly good time in the Long Vacation.
S. C. W.



CRICKET.

On the whole, cricket has been a wash-out this season. Our gloriously consistent English weather maintained its reputation as a spoil-sport, with the consequence that, in addition to five matches out of ten being scratched, organised practice has been almost out of question, the latter also on account of the time needed in preparing the pitch week by week.

Our first match, against Netley Hospital, resulted in an easy win by 10 wickets (Cole 24, not out, St. John 26, not out).

A different story could be told about Exeter, where lack of practice, combined with other facts, had too surely their undesired effect.

The Cunard sprang a surprise on us by beating us by 22 runs, Farrell (22), Linaker (18 not out) and Gwenlan (17) being the only ones to make anything like a stand.

Unfortunately, when we were beginning to find our form against Winchester Training College, "the old enemy," Time, stepped in and saved the game for them, as, with 7 wickets in hand, we were only 42 runs behind Winchester's total of 96, and Wright (23) and Gare (8) looked as if they could "play on for ever."

Lymington, on Saturday, 31st May, had the closest shave they have experienced for some time, when they just succeeded by 2 wickets, scoring 82 for 8 against our total of 81 (Bimson 24).

Lack of practice has told considerably, and a great deal of improvement is needed in all departments, especially with regard to the ground fielding.

The charge of one penny per dropped catch has so far realised 1/- for five games, but there is probably more to come.

Lastly, we should like to thank all (especially those of the fair sex) who have given their time to support the teams, and we trust that they have not been disappointed.

L. J. R.



TENNIS.

We opened the season on May 3rd with the Juniors v. Seniors match, which was won by the Seniors after some interesting play.

Only three members of last year's team remained at Coll., so we were faced with considerable difficulty at the beginning of term. However, there has been much keenness and competition, and quite a good team has been raised.

The courts, to say the least, leave much to be desired, but we are handicapped in this matter by unavoidable financial difficulty.

On May 14th we lost to Westwood L.T.C. after some very keen tennis, and the following Wednesday we were due to play the Staff, but, owing to bad weather, they "lived to fight another day."

Saturday, May 24th, found us at Exeter, where we suffered defeat, but had most enjoyable games; and we hope to have our revenge on June 11th, when we shall be able to put out a stronger team. (Result—Lost, 14-19).

Wednesday, May 28th, proved to be fine enough to play Winchester Training College without our usual interval for the rainstorm. We held the advantage in this match, but were unable to finish owing to lack of time.

Unfortunately, rain has spoilt many of our fixtures and prevented us from getting much regular practice, but up to the present the season has been quite successful.

In conclusion, we would like to thank those enthusiasts who have given so much help in preparing the courts.

H. L. T.

SOIREE NOTES.

On Tuesday, May 13th, we held a Flannel Dance at the Cadena Café. There was a good attendance, and the function was judged by many to be the most successful of the year.

We had again the assistance of members of the South Stoneham orchestra, and have to thank Mr. Bratcher for giving us his services at the piano.

This was the last of the Coll. Soirées for this year, and, looking back, we can rightly say that they have all been most enjoyable.

There remains the Re-union Soirée, at the Coliseum, on Whit Saturday. This will, doubtless, be well supported, and everyone may be sure of a jolly evening. The present Soirée Committee may expect to enjoy this more than usual, as none of the work of the arrangements has fallen to their lot. Finally, we wish our successors on the Committee the best of luck for next year.

H. L. T., Sec.

**SPORTS DAY, MAY 17th, 1924.**

The Sports were this year, held for the first time, at South Stoneham, on the ground which was generously presented to the College by Mrs. Montefiore. We were fortunate in that May 17th proved to be one of the few fine days which we have so far enjoyed this term. The usual trophies were competed for, with the addition of the Refectory Cup, presented by the Refectory Committee, and to be held by the faculty whose women students gain the largest aggregate of points.

This year a 660 yards flat race and a 120 yards hurdles were included in the women's events, and a 3-miles road race for men was also introduced. This last event especially was a success, and provided an interesting finish, Mr. Cooper-Poole winning comfortably, in spite of the unfair use by his opponents of motor-bikes and other means of locomotion.

A pleasing feature of the afternoon was the fact that practically every event was started punctually—an eloquent tribute to the organisers of the meeting. We are particularly indebted to the energy of the starter, Mr. Grant.

It must be admitted that the times were adversely affected by the state of the track. Time, perhaps (with the aid of a butcher !), will remedy this defect. There were, however, some fine finishes, notably in the half-mile and 220 yards. An event deserving of mention was the long jump, in which two competitors cleared over 21 feet.

There was a keen struggle for the honour of Victor Ludorum ; at one time Mr. Pratt held a winning lead, but Mr. Ward, by a fine victory in the mile, drew level on points. Other competitors showed more consideration for the Principal, who generously provided an additional " Victor " medal.

Although we sincerely regretted the absence, through illness, of Lady Bencraft, we were all delighted to have so distinguished a sportsman as Sir Russell Bencraft to present the prizes. The winners of the various trophies were as follows :—

Inter-Faculty Cup (men)	Normals
Inter-Faculty Cup (women)	Arts
Inter-Faculty Tug-of-War Shield (men)	Normals
Inter-Faculty Tug-of-War Shield (women)	Arts
Juniors v. Seniors' Tug-of-War Cup	Juniors
Relay Cup (men)	Normals
Relay Shield (women)	Arts
Victor Ludorum Cup	Messrs. Pratt and Ward	



STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

WOMEN'S C.U.

My hand is loth to take up the pen to write my last report on the work of the S.C.M., Southampton Branch, for the 1924 Session.

Except for the visits of the Rev. Bernard Hancock, of Bishopstoke, and R. O. Hall, from Headquarters, our activities have been fairly quiet this term. However, that in itself is not a disadvantage, for " consolidation " is as requisite in S.C.M. matters as in all other branches of sound thinking.

Our hopes are high that those people going to Swanwick in July, namely, the Misses Bird, Charlick, Lucas and Stout, will receive such a liberal supply of the "Swanwick spirit" that they will be enthused to "carry on" in S.C.M. work next Session.

R. M. N.

MEN'S C.U.

The report for the summer term is always that which causes most grief and perplexity to the C.U. Secretary. Such time and energy as can be spared for Society work are generally devoted to preparation for next year's campaign—while the College goes about its business, and the Library echoes with the groans of unhappy students faced by Inter., Finals or Certif., a sinister band of enthusiasts gathers secretly to consider how their insidious doctrine may best be propagated, and affairs of the spirit preserved from too great a neglect in the oppressively intellectual atmosphere of our confines.

Nevertheless, we have held one General Meeting, at which Mr. R. O. Hall spoke on the general work of the S.C.M., and we were also pleased to receive a visit from Mr. Alec Gaudin, our Travelling Secretary, who came as an encouraging reminder to the Committee that we are not working in isolation, but are part of a world-wide, flourishing movement, animated by a spirit that cannot die or know defeat.

May those of our members who go to Swanwick return filled with that spirit, and ready to carry the movement forward in U.C.S. during the coming year.

R. W.



PLAY READING CLUB.

Through the kindness of the Warden of South Hill, we were able to hold our two meetings this term under the azure sky in the South Hill garden.

On Tuesday, May 27th, "Dear Brutus," by J. M. Barrie, was read. We had tea at South Hill, then we adjourned to the garden, and "Dear Brutus" was very successfully rendered with the right scenic effects, since

most of the play takes place in a wood. Alack, the moon was missing at 5 p.m., but the audience gazed heavenwards as if they saw it in their mind's eyes, for such is the power of imagination.

Unfortunately, there was not a very good attendance of men. Perhaps South Hill Lane is too rough for their tender feet! It is hoped that many more men and women will join the Club next autumn. Not only do we apply our minds to the art of reading aloud and of becoming acquainted with modern plays, but even the dullest person is amused in some way or other. So come to Play Reading meetings! Take an interest in the Club! When you see a good play at the theatre tell the Committee about it, so that the whole College may get to know it through the Play Reading Club.

A large amount of latent talent has been discovered this year, and some day we may hear of some celebrated actor or actress telling in an autobiography how he or she made his or her first attempt in Southampton University College Play Reading Club!



ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

With visits to the new floating dock and to the premises of the International Cold Storage Co., we close this session's programme, which has been a wonderful success.

The Annual Meeting, held in the Avenue Hall on 15th March, was very well attended, Mr. W. Matthews, M.Inst.C.E., being the President for the coming year on the retirement of Mr. Tom Thornycroft. The one regret of the evening was that our President, Prof. Eustice, was unable, owing to illness, to be present, the first time for many years. Mr. Matthews' address was on "Twenty Years' Progress in Water Supply and Waterworks Engineering," and he introduced a commendable innovation by using lantern slides to illustrate his paper. The College

Orchestra supplied the musical programme, with Miss Eustice and Mr. H. E. Payne as soloists, besides Miss Sarre, who gave some excellent recitations.

The last paper of the session was given by Mr. R. C. Moyle, on "Corrosion in Steam Practice," and proved a very interesting and well-prepared paper.

In conclusion, it must not be forgotten how much we owe to our President for the great success and high standing of the Society. With his untiring support, it is not difficult to make a successful session.

C. F. F.



SCI. SOC.

Two or three visits have been arranged and will take place after this note has gone to press.

On June 2nd Prof. Boyd arranged for a lecture by Dr. Ingold, an old Hartleyan, who went down only about ten years ago, and is now one of the most famous of English organic chemists. Dr. Ingold chose as his subject "The Benzene Problem," on which he has carried out a considerable amount of research, and he very lucidly explained his own theory—a theory which bids fair to wind up the controversies of nearly sixty years. A large and appreciative audience listened to what was probably the last lecture that Dr. Ingold will give in College for some time, since he has recently been elected to the Chair of Organic Chemistry at Leeds.

It would not be unfitting, perhaps, to make mention here of the research work of the Chemistry Department. Some extremely interesting and important properties of the organic acids of phosphorus have been revealed—discoveries which should appreciably raise the prestige of University College, Southampton, in the larger world of Science.

E. J. H.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At the end of last term we had the honour of entertaining to tea Dr. Haddon, F.R.S., the celebrated anthropologist. Our guest very kindly brought his callipers, with which he measured the heads of the company, so that some learnt (hoping that their lecturers observed) that they were of an "energetic intellectual type," whilst others with less distinguished pates had to be content with a general classification as "mean men."

This term four expeditions have been arranged. On May 14th a visit was paid to Messrs. Peter Mumford & Son's Flour Mill, at Eling, by kind permission of the owners, whose foreman conducted the party over the mill.

A cycling excursion to Romsey, arranged in conjunction with the Botany Department, had to be postponed on account of the weather, which, however, made amends on May 28th, when botanists and geographers made a study of the N.W. area of the New Forest under the guidance of Mr. Rishbeth and Professor Mangham. For this purpose a charabanc tour was made *via* Cadnam, Ringwood, Downton and Brook, and a very interesting and enjoyable time was spent.

A visit to the Meteorological Station at Calshot will conclude the session's activities. For next session, those of us who are going down leave our very best wishes for the growth and success of the Society.

A. E. H.



LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

Since our last report we have had one meeting, held at the end of last term—not during this, when sports and imminent examinations seem to have laid their ban upon the gathering together for "worldly" affairs as contrasted with personal or faculty prowess.

Mr. Milward, until recently Southampton's L.N.U. Secretary (but now holding a less onerous official post), gave a deliberately provocative address, aimed at stirring

us up to a lively discussion. After mentioning that the pre-war optimism, which believed the amount of common sense in the world sufficient to prevent war, had proved wrong, reference was made to the moral filth of the lying campaigns which accompany most wars, campaigns promoted to stir up evil passions (which are but too easily roused), by suppressing any good that may be said of the enemies of one's country, and emphasising, if not heightening, their evil deeds, so that no warring nation hears the whole truth or has a chance of grasping the "other man's" point of view. (For, indeed, war is not a matter of reason, far less a carrying out of the Sermon on the Mount.) A suggestion was then put forward as to the stages through which the public mind might pass in eradicating an evil such as war from our midst. Hot resentment at things recognised to be abominable was said to be the first step; then followed the satirical stage; while, finally, there might be reached the state of mind which could laugh at the absurdity of it all. With that we should have won our victory, and war would be speedily abolished. But when discussion time came, no one was equal to the task. Were we shy or lazy? or could our brains not work swiftly enough to visualise in a moment the situation presented and its consequences? If *all* were simultaneously at Stage 3, may be the trick would be done; but is that an easier alternative than a universal spirit of friendliness? And would tolerant amusement in the "enlightened" few be more likely to ensure peace among those still in the "darkness" of "ignorance" than a vivid sense of the horror of it all? Laughter at the antics of a drunken man is commonly thought to indicate a very low level of humour in the bystanders, and not to be the state of mind likely to devise means for removing the cause of his condition.

We were urged to make a study of "The Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance" (price 2d. from the Secretary, or *vide* the Library), which has already been sent to the Governments of the world for consideration so that its discussion at the Assembly next September may be fruitful, and some immediate reduction in armaments result.

In closing, the Chairman, Prof. Patchett, referred to the international organisation of scientific discovery, and the cure for beri-beri or sleeping sickness recently worked out by Germans. Since then newspapers have given rather alarming statistics of the recent spread of this disease in England, quickening our interest in the matter. K. C. B.



THE NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS.

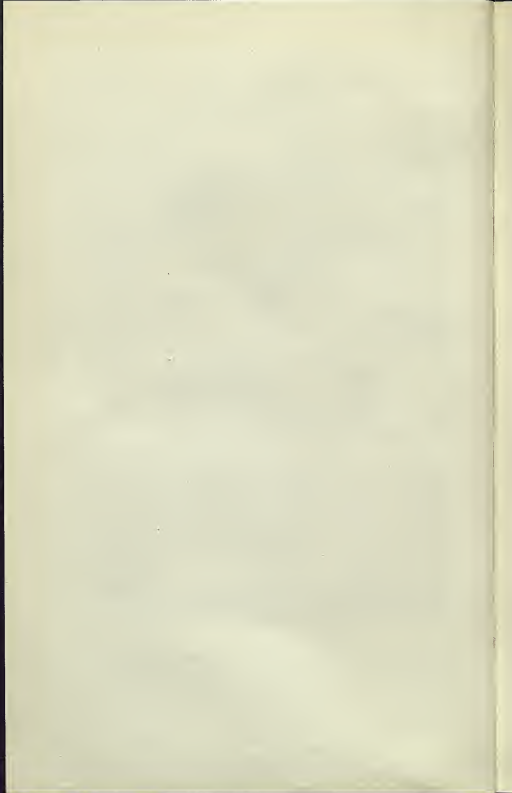
Some time ago in the Common Room of a well-known College I saw a student toying with a typewritten document. I was edified to hear her remark in reply to an enquiry that it was a "report of that stuffy organisation, The National Union of Students, which ought to be interesting and isn't."

There is plenty of food for thought in that sweeping statement, but the fact is that just as beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, so interest lies in the mind of the seeker after truth. The N.U.S., like the pianist, is doing its best, and on that account alone must not be shot.

As a list of some of the points of discussion brought up at the Liverpool Executive Meeting will show, it is doing a very good best, too; the re-affiliation of the Cambridge Union Society; the foundation of a British group of the International Federation of League of Nations Union; the International Council of Women at Wembley; the question of admitting Germany to the C.I.E., which gives the National Union an opportunity of carrying out its policy of broad-minded internationalism; "Copec"; railway fares; and the new magazine, the "University." The latter is an interesting little publication, and deserves support. It is not merely an advertisement for the National Union, as, no doubt, many people think, but it represents all kinds of student thought, and aims at pleasing highbrow and lowbrow (if the lowbrow type of student exists) alike.

When the N.U.S. exercises such a fond maternal care over the student, his mind, his morals and his pocket, he might, at least, simulate an interest in his fostermother's doings.





PASTORAL.

Piper, play
 Ere the day's
 Slanting rays
 Have left
 The dream-spun West.
 Ho ! play neatly,
 Softly, sweetly,
 Play so featly,
 That the branches move in time
 To thy liquid-flowing rhyme.
 Whilst beneath the chequered shade
 Of spreading elm, both youth and maid
 Listen, as ye pipe and sing
 Of Autumn's rarest harvesting.

Play, while twilight's holy calm
 Doth preserve us from all harm.

Let thy liquid balm
 All our sorrows ease and heal,
 So that we no sadness feel.
 Ho ! a melody, play
 A merry, merry, merry
 Melody.

Ere the day's
 Shafting rays
 Have left
 The dream-dyed West,
 In solitude
 And quietude
 To brood
 At rest.

MAP. C.-P.



JUST-SO STORIES.

NO. I.—HOW THE COLLEGE GOT ITS GOBLI.

The whole question of College-yells is one which might commend itself to third year students in search of a Thesis. Ours is not the only seat of learning which voices "le moi commun" in a stereotyped formula of gibberish. The practice seems to find no favour in the older Universities. As far as we know, Oxford, Cambridge, Durham and Dublin are as yet unvocal in the aggregate. But the Scottish and

the newer English Universities and Colleges are less reticent. It would be an interesting research to determine why the Aberdonian before the war greeted those whom he delighted to honour with the following :—

Abek, Ibek.
Gobalina ubeck, a, gobalina-ubeck
Heerabeck, Sheerabeck
Gobalina-ubeck, a, gobalina-ubeck
Aoooah !!

This bears a sufficiently close likeness to our own tuneful chorus as to suggest a common philological ancestor.

The Gobli habit is very prevalent, and those institutions which lack one are at some pains to acquire one speedily. It is not long since the Students' Union of Manchester University offered a prize for the most suitable "yell." We have not heard who judged the vocal tenders, but we believe we are correct in stating that so important and discriminating a body as the Welsh National Eisteddfod, in 1904, held a competition for the best "College-yell," and awarded the palm to Cardiff University College for the following :—

Imitation of a rocket repeated thrice, then,—

Cardiff-ee, Cardiffee,
Cymruo, Cymruo,
Cardiff-ee, Cardiffee,
Cymruo, Cymruo,
Bant a hi, Bant a hi,
Nawr te, Nawr te,
Hip-ray, hip-ray, hip-ray,
Hurrah !

It is generally believed that this custom originated in the United States. Certainly it is taken very seriously there, and American Collegiate yells are so prominent a feature of College life that the slang term for University men is "the rah-rah boys." One of the greatest Universities of the New World has even exploited the chorus from Aristophanes' "Frogs," and encourages its base-ball teams with the bass bawl of :—

Brekekekex, koax, koax,
Brekekekex, koax, koax.

Not all "yells" display the same fine classic flavour. An otherwise reputable seminary in Illinois chants from the touch line:—

Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Yah! Yah! Yah!
 Get an axe, get an axe,
 Kill 'em, kill 'em,
 Chew 'em up, chew 'em up,
 Chris-ti-an Brothers!!

But, as a matter of fact, the British custom owes most to the visit of the New Zealand Rugger team about twenty years ago. The "All-Blacks," as they were called, used to indulge in a weird Maori song and dance before each match. Their success in trouncing all the best of British football begat a superstitious reverence for the ceremony with which they opened each game. Consequently they had many imitators.

Our own Gobli was formulated about this time. The Hartley University College was then something of a colony of Wales, and when, at the end of a triumphant tour, the "All-Blacks" were, at last, and for the only time, defeated by the gallant little principality at Swansea by a single try, the reader can easily imagine the jubilation in the Hartley Common Room. It was also whispered that the New Zealanders, just before their departure from the Docks, would indulge in one final gloat on the quayside. Young Hartley immediately determined on counter-measures.

A solemn conclave was held by night in the Cowherds' Inn, on the Common. Suggestions were put forward for a suitable "yell" to drown that of the triumphant Colonials.

All the resources of bardic invective were explored. But, alas, no formula could be agreed upon, gentlemen from Cymric valleys beginning with "Llans" and ending in "goochs" could not see eye to eye, or, rather, hear ear to ear with gentlemen from mountain villages with names which sounded like suppressed sneezes. There was division in the camp of the Argives. At last a diplomatist from Merthyr Tydfyl suggested a compromise in the form of a war-cry in a neutral tongue, whereupon the descendants of the Druids got busy, and evolved the Gobli practically as we know it to-day, only with uore "hwyl" in it, and a certain liquidity of tone due, we are afraid, to Scotch rather than Welsh influence.

Crowds thronged the Docks, the maroon caps (for they wore them then) of the Hartleyans were massed in a solid phalanx in a conspicuous place. The syren boomed its warning note of impending departure. British sportsmen raised a deafening cheer for the black shirts and the silver fern. The Colonials solemnly began their fearful ritual, but scarcely had they given tongue to the first word of Maori triumph, when, from the throats of two hundred Hartleyans, rose the "GEEEEEE!!" in chorus to the most ear-splitting and raucous "Gobli-i-o!" the world has ever heard. The rest of the Maori gloat fizzled out amid cries of "Who whacked New Zealand? WALES!!" and repetitions of the Gobli till the steamer was far down Southampton Water.

And ever since, wherever Hartleyans meet, they may be seen revolving in concentric circles,—

"Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud,"

And still from brazen throats—

'It clamor coelum,"

as the Gobli booms forth—the war-song of all those strenuous ones to whom *Ardua Cedunt*.



THE VIOLIN.

"There's not the smallest orb that thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

Measureless space presented its inconceivable problem; the majesty of the heavens filled the mind with awe and left the spirit humbled, blindly seeking some answer to the eternal "why?" Suddenly came through the moonlit air a balm to the troubled spirit. As sweet salve to a wound, healing the severed flesh, so the soft sounds of a bow drawn exquisitely over the strings came to the spirit, dulling the pain of query, and by the beauty of their own harmony, restoring harmony to discordant thoughts—those thoughts that erstwhile had thronged the puzzled mind. How great is the space? Whence comes the light? Who is the Originator? What is the great plan of all? (The great puzzle was too much, and the thoughts shrank closer.) What am I? Can one so small take a place in the great plan? (Closer still shrank the thoughts.) Will the ideals be realised? the things hoped for come to pass?

Such thoughts sank beneath the tide, a rushing tide of ecstasy impelled by the violin's sweet melody, and the rocks of query were caressed and covered by its waves.

The chords of the past, the staccato of the present, the quivering notes holding the future, were mingled in a grand harmony. The music of the violin came to interpret the music of the spheres, and the violin seemed divine.

N.

CHARACTER STUDIES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

THE PROFESSOR.

A professor is the unfortunate who expects much but obtains little. Books are his most proper sphere, but occasionally he leaves his sanctum to stand before a small and over-weening circle: though Age is awful, Youth dares to smile. His words of wisdom are as pearls before swine. As the early morning dew vanishes before the heat of the sun, so his learned disquisitions quickly fade from the minds of his privileged hearers. His greatest assets are a large stock of patience, a habit of constant reiteration, undaunted perseverance, a wide knowledge of palæography, keen sight (with occasional deliberate blindness!), and, finally, a low estimate of his victim's mental capacity. Persons of this class carry their credentials in their appearance—the broad, thoughtful brow, carefully poised spectacles (not without exception), bent scholarly shoulders, immaculate dress, ill-used academic garb, general air of pre-occupation, and peripatetic habit. The cardinal virtue of every professor is his never-failing punctuality. Let him remember that even a king must sometimes condescend to please his subjects, and that, as the sweet jam recommends the bitter powder, so the spice of humour makes palatable the unseasoned discourse.

THE STUDENT.

A student is the most hard-worked animal in creation: his pile of work, like Ixion's task, is never finished. Disillusionment comes early. The hill of knowledge looms afar, its topmost peak (or even its lowest!) unattainable, as Parnassus' height and the clear Pierian fount, save to the favoured few. All too soon enthusiasm wanes: his ingenuity and remaining talent are turned to elude the

vigilance of the tyrant. Soon the revered library sees him but at long intervals, and, finally, mourns his continual absence; social functions welcome his advent. The Temple of Comestibles gains yet another devotee—his downfall is complete. He haunts the cloistered walks and sports upon the smiling green—not a solitary figure! But, suspended by a hair, the sword of Damocles hangs over him. The day of reckoning approaches, the final test is at hand. A week of Herculean toil, unceasing day and night, fails to atone for a year of ease. He sinks, overwhelmed in a cataclysm of woes!!

"IMMERITO."



STAR-GAZERS.

"What crowd is this? What have we here? We must not pass it by;

A telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:

* * * * *

Whatever be the cause, 'tis sure that they who pry and pore

Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than before;
One after one they take their turn, nor have I one espied
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied."

But had Wordsworth been at the Noads' camp on April 9th, he could not have written thus! Perhaps this was because we did not expect to see too much; for we were merely ascertaining the star's exact position with a view to finding out where we were!

From the Hydra's "heart" (and the Nautical Almanac) we learnt that our latitude was $52^{\circ} 45' 40''$; while on another evening Arcturus played his part in assuring us of the direction of true North, as contrasted with the vagaries of the magnetic needle. Nor did we disdain our own particular star (in the rare intervals when clouds graciously permitted us to see his face), and our longitude would have been here recorded had it not been that our watches were not to be relied upon for Greenwich Mean Time, and we were without a wireless set.

What glorious views we had over Lyndhurst to the miles of Forest stretching beyond, and how we revelled in the different tints which the distance took from hour to hour! Also, how geographers shivered in the biting blast while contouring the hillside from which these beauties were

to be seen, particularly when hunts for lost "stations," or for more personal lost possessions, were in hand. Fortunately most of our losses were temporary; even a valuable golosh, "found missing" one evening as its owner returned to paths of civilisation, and diligently but vainly sought by her comrades with the aid of an electric torch, re-appeared next morning in a prominent position on a tuft of heather. We did not see Jack o' Lantern (do the Hampshire bogs still boast an *ignis fatuus*?), but surely Robin Goodfellow was lurking near!

Engineers dammed (in imagination) what a geographer had termed a "dry valley." The wet, bare legs that appeared in camp during preliminary observations seemed to imply that his conclusions were too hasty.

Not every night, nor all night long, was spent in star-gazing. Eight weary bodies duly made physical acquaintance with Plateau Gravel. The first night it caused dreams (to one surveyor, at least) of celestial spheres, to demonstrate which to the full satisfaction of a stern examiner it was necessary to rotate in person—unceasingly.

April's reputation is based on showers, so that no one really grumbled when they appeared, or even when they prolonged themselves into real downpours. For had not one thoughtful member of the group provided a flute, and did not our leader enchant us with melody, ranging from Schubert's "Serenade" to "Upidee," when songsters naturally assisted with a joyful sound? Needless to say, "The Egg" had an honoured part in our concert. (It is faintly rumoured that serenading once extended to the babies of a neighbouring village, who woke up to enjoy Coll. songs.)

In pity for (or from fear of!) benighted editors who do not appreciate scientific detail, we refrain from elucidating the manner in which we surveyed an "unknown" area of 200 square miles or so. (A prosaic language student might not have realised its full size; but a geographer must be endowed with a scientific imagination, such as can recognise and study the workings of a Niagara in a waterfall an inch high.) Perhaps they think that our public would rather learn that burnt gorse, though permitting surveyors to drag a chain through it more easily and comfortably than the living bush would do, nevertheless covers one's garments and even one's note books with carbonaceous cabalistic signs; or that primroses might be visited when lack of duplicate instruments permitted relay work,

One night a red glow thrilled our souls, and a rescue party dashed off to render aid to keepers and woodmen. Those engaged on other business, returning campwards half-an-hour or so later, were amazed at the suddenness with which it died down. This was largely due to the camp's efforts; but it was not a burning plantation as had been feared, being merely furze which could be readily beaten out with branches.

All good things come to an end, and a week lasts only seven days. (No! Didn't we manage to stretch it to eight? Or are we really growing so mathematical that we can't count?) Glorious sunshine warmed and dried us during our last hours, and intensified the happiness of the memories and the renewed health which we carried away from the surveying camp. May both long remain with us! and may we here express our gratitude to Mr. Mann, who so beneficently arranges that our bodies and souls shall be refreshed with natural beauty and "caller" air, while our intellects struggle with the intricacies of what "the powers that be" ordain that we should know. S. P. Z.

THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY.

Ye ask me this, "What pleaseth Man in Woman?"
 And I answer, "Many are the virtues
 That he seeketh. Not beauty of the form
 Alone; that is a mask, and through it breaks
 The soul divine, from out the eyes which are
 The lamps of inner self, burning bright or
 Flickering feebly in the gloom of Earth.
 Man readeth by their light and sees what Woman
 Was, her present, and a vista of the years
 When at her breast shall nestle men to be
 And daughters, heirs to all the generations'
 Hoarded wealth of lore and treasure,
 Explorers of the veiled Future,
 Its hidden mysteries and glories.
 He seeth this, and, musing on it, a voice
 From Heaven speaketh to him: 'Seek ye
 Purity of spirit, chasteness of the flesh
 And love, for out of these shall issue virtue.'
 Thus to Man is it revealed, beauty
 Is a fire immortal, burning bright within
 A temple; Woman's form of clay made sacred
 By the Destiny it holdeth."

ANGUS BLAIR.

**A DISCOURSE ON HISTORY, FROM THE CHINESE,
3004 A.D.**

"Our knowledge," said the professor, "of the early twentieth century is not so scanty as some of my erudite contemporaries have supposed. The antiquarian expedition headed by my colleague last year, it is true, produced little that could at that time be called epoch-making,—save it be the discovery of three beautiful narrow-necked vases of dark green glass, marked with the stamp of a wealthy artist of the time—Scrase. It is thought by some that these vases were used in a religious rite, a position which I have attempted to defend elsewhere. . . . But this is a digression. My distinguished colleague remarked to me that, in travelling across the ruins of England, he first came to a small, unnoticed port, Southampton. What this fishing village may have been, one cannot say, but a mile away, and situated on a hill, there are some remarkable ruins, and, on hearing this, I determined to visit the situation and ascertain if there were any traces of the aromatic vases—a subject of deepest importace. Though I did find another specimen vase in a wilderness a mile away and near a stream, I discovered none in the actual ruins. However, gentlemen, after months of laborious study, I made discoveries of the greatest value about this ruin. It is my endeavour therefore, to put before you a description of this institution from the evidence I accrued in my recent research.

"After two months of digging it was soon evident that this ruin was once a College. Of its exact design I can only surmise. Probably it had two towers in the 'Baroque' or 'Jerrai' style—these being connected by a long and pleasing avenue perhaps colonnaded in the Grecian manner, or by an uncertain device called 'radiators.' Through this avenue, no doubt, students paced up and down in deep thought and meditation, little aware of the oncoming rise of the East. The north tower was most likely a greyish green in colour and ornamented with a device resembling a cat (my colleague suggests that this was the emblem or arms of the college), and inscribed with the names of the students or the founders—probably the latter. Of one important part of the building there is now no trace, the 'refec' as it was then called. It is my belief that this refec was on the top of the southern tower, for it seems to have been a favorite resort of the female students, who were—though of this I am not quite sure—occasionally accompanied by males.

"The organisation of the college is an extremely vague and conjectural study. It seems that the students were divided into groups. The first of these were the *Engineers*, and referring to that monument of learning 'Outer-Continental Tongues,' I can only say that their distinguishing mark must have been a car. The *Science* group seem to have studied the making of glass vessels and the vilest of potions. Perhaps this was a derivative of a much earlier art of making love-philtres. The next group, *Art*, must have been reserved for the 'peculiar' students who had a religious chant, rather ridiculous to modern ear which ran thus Ah—Ah—Ah—Arts!—Here the learned gentlemen nodded with laughter and the professor resumed—"The last group, *Normals*, must, I think, have been servants of the college, for I find in the year 1924 they were in the possession of all the silver ornaments and vessels customary to a college. Now let us imagine the coming of all these sects to their college. And let us suppose that the weather is fine. The bell tolls one. Coming up the hill we see, in their cars and leading the solemn procession, the stately *Engineers*, each holding tightly in the right hand a sliding rule, in the left a spanner. After them come the *Sciencers* in brown surcoats and rags. Then the 'peculiar people' robed in black robes and wearing flat black hats, waving their arms and chanting their peculiar song. Then, at the end, come the *Normals*. Ah! even to these enlightened times those days are not without their colour, their romance, their vision splendid, their..." The professor fumbled and wiped his glasses, whilst the sages nodded.

"But let us resume. These students ruled themselves and seem to have played first and worked after. Of their studies I can find no result, no record, nor evidence, but of their games I have some knowledge. They played at 'football'—a game as yet not known—and also rugby which seems chiefly to have consisted in a group of men lying in wait in the avenue (mentioned before), and seizing their unfortunate victims to play rugby—which (from documents in my possession), I take to have been an exercise in arithmetic—a little more complicated than the game of hockey, in which the college took mostly noughts and the others figures." The professor re-arranged his notes and coughed slightly. "There is one interesting custom of these students to which I feel I must refer. Once or twice a year they must have made a pilgrimage to a far

town in the South. They drove in large cars, each student having his own place, and often forcibly passed over to it should he have strayed. Again, two students must preserve the ritual of the journey at every stop—in which I hazard the green vases must have played some part—the students then proclaiming loudly to the company. Arriving at the town they presented to the college of that place a number of points, but not without a great deal of question and exchange."

Now the professor looked at his watch, gathered up his notes and said, "To-morrow after the twelfth discourse I intend to take up this interesting topic once more. In the meanwhile, gentlemen, I cannot do better than refer you to my colleague's book, "Outer-Continental History' Vol xvi Chapter 25". Here the listeners nodded once more and rose with distinct regret.

S.E.

VISION.

A Child of Nature far down in the West,
Long time I wandered hand in hand with joy;
My soul drank deep of Beauty's purest streams,
Beneath the radiant sunlight of the West.

I loved the foaming seas, the rugged coast,
The shining golden beaches wet with spray;
I loved each spume-flecked ledge high up the cliffs,
Each rock and crag along the rugged coast.

On ribbed beaches where the tide had ebbd,
I sped to trace my footsteps in the sea;
The damp cool sand about my feet was balm,
In twilight caverns whence the tide had fled.

The caves with brown-red seaweed hung,
Ceaselessly dripping, were the courts of heaven;
Inlaid with sparkling jewels of coloured shells,
Dim-gleaming caves with blood-red seaweeds hung.

Nature, to me, meant wind and stormy seas,
Imperious splendour to the rock-bound coast;
But I have learnt to love her gentler moods,
In meads and forests far from storm-blown seas.

And wander-love has taught me love of her,
Nature the changeless infinite in change;
Her mountains, seas, and hills are varying moods,
And wide as heaven's blue vault is love of her. V.

THE DENTIST.

Have you ever had toothache? If so, you will understand this essay. When your tooth aches, you do not have it pulled first thing, but you nurse it for days, and days, and days, before you pluck up courage to go to the dentist, meanwhile treating it with camphor, plugs of tobacco, chillie paste, and such like things, and nearly setting fire to your handkerchiefs in an endeavour to make your face as hot as—, well very hot. You endure the pain you have, rather than fly to troubles that you know not of. At night you try to count imaginary sheep as they jump over a five barred gate, but sleep eludes you, and in the morning nothing goes right, and people think you funny.

You confide to people that you have toothache, and then they tell you that the best thing to do is to get it out, and fill your mind with fearful visions of the dentist's private sanctum; one of them relates of how his head was nearly pulled off, before his tooth would come out, and another will tell you of how he was maddened by four attempts to get out the same tooth, and how severe the pain was when it broke within his mouth.

However, when the torture is so severe that you can stand it no longer, you decide to be brave and go to the dentist, and take a friend with you to see you tortured. But, wonder of wonders, when you get to the door, the tooth which was aching terribly a few seconds earlier decides to stop aching, and you are going to go home again when the friend rings the bell, and—well it would be bad manners to go away from a door after having rung the bell, would it not?

You are ushered into a room where there are many more waiting to go into the operating room. It is very dreary waiting, for nobody seems to want to talk, not even the ladies. Your friend attempts to start a conversation by making some remark about the weather, but is answered indifferently, and so silenced. People seem to be frightened of entering the dentist's private sanctum. A youth who tries to look brave, is seen to be reading the current volume of "Punch," but he is betrayed, because the book is upside down. Even "The Picture Show," and "Pearson's Weekly" fail to interest the sufferers, and not a smile is to be seen.

Your turn arrives, when the dentist says, genially "Next please," and you go rather unwillingly into his room. You sit down in the large comfortable chair de luxe, and he tells you that you need not be afraid. If you are small he winds you up to the required height, and asks you if you feel comfortable, for you might as well have your tooth pulled out in comfort as not. He asks you which one you want out, and when told, he says, "Oh, yes, just so, quite right". Then he asks you to open your mouth, and pushes into your gum a needle filled with a vile liquid. Then he does nothing else for a few minutes while he tries to interest you in conversation, and walks slowly about the room some ten times. Then he comes up to you and says, "Let me see"; you open your mouth; he puts his forceps on the tooth, and after a short grinding, he draws out the tooth. You rinse your mouth out with warm water and begin to feel better, and to think that the dentist is not such a dreadful person after all; you may remember him in your will, so grateful do you feel.

But when another tooth starts aching you do not hurry to visit him again.

W.B.



MUCH MEDDLING MAKES MISERY.

Mary Moffat's mother made most marvellous muffins. Mrs. Moffat met Marmaduke Mountflathers, marching merrily Marywards, making most mad motions, moreover, making Mary's mother mirthful. Ma's mirth made Marmaduke mutinously minded. Meeting Mary mournfully musing, munching muffins, made Marmaduke more miserable. "Mary's mine," muttered Marmy, "Mary's mine; must Mrs. Moffat make mischief?" Meandering 'mongst marshy meads, moved Marmaduke's melancholy momentarily.

Morrow, Mary's mother making more muffins, mentioned Marmaduke's mad, melancholy manner. "Masticating Moffat's muffins makes most men melancholy," muttered Mary. "My muffins!" moaned Mrs. Moffat. "My muffins make men miserable; make Marmaduke melancholy! Mine make model muffins." Making mysterious molar movements, Mary moderated mother's misery, minding more Marmaduke's mastication.

Mrs. Moffat mollified, Marmaduke married Mary, making Miss Mary Moffat, Mrs. Marmaduke Mountflathers. Mischief-making ma, moralising, meddling, maddened mutinous Marmaduke more. Murky, moonless midnight, Marmaduke murdered Mrs. Moffat.



A TYPICAL DEBATE AT U.C.S.

SUBJECT: "THAT THE CHILD IS FARTHER THAN THE MAN."

Amid applause from all sections of the House, the Chairman, austere, worthy, bespectacled, stands up and calls on the speaker for the proposition to state his case, if any. The gentleman thus summoned arises, relinquishing his pipe, but retaining the complacent smirk which his fund of well-prepared jokes—and the apparent spontaneity with which they are to be delivered—warrants.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the proposition before the House is: 'That the Child is farther than the Man,' and though at first it may seem difficult to prove this, I do not doubt that I shall succeed in convincing you of the truth of the proposition. (Loud applause.) My knowledge of the intelligence and personal character of the speaker for the opposition justifies me in saying that he will attempt to delude you with foolish arguments to the contrary, but being a sensible lot of people, you will probably agree with me. (Frantic applause.) What we must find is, who is the Man? and who is the Child?"

* * * * *

"Having shown you that there are more men..."
Chairman (for the sixth time): "Time, please!!!"
(Applause.)

The speaker for the opposition, who has suffered tolerantly the accusations levelled against him, rises, smiles, sways, gesticulates, and insists that it is not *who* the Man is, but *where* he is that matters. "Where is the Man? Where is the Child?" he asks, and receiving no answer, repeats his questions in frenzy.....

"Time!" says the Chairman, and the weighty question is now open for discussion.

Mr. X, who is leaning negligently against the door, produces a paper, from which he derives material for a long speech, proving beyond all doubt that 5,316,421 men

were twenty-one during the past four years, while 2,135,791 children died yearly from measles and kindred ailments. The attitude of the House towards this information betokens anything but a humane concern for the sufferings of so many hapless infants.

Mr. Y, who has been waiting breathlessly for the end of Mr. X's speech, now claims the attention of the House and reads a paper, in which he proves, to his own satisfaction at least, that the solution depends on whether one is in England or America!

Mr. Z now catches the Chairman's eye with some dexterity, and through well-closed teeth asks, scowling, "How do the honourable gentlemen spell 'father'?" (Silence, then subdued applause.)

Miss N (relevantly and with pathos): "Let us forget the Father and the Child, and think of the Mother at home." (Sobs from the men.)

The Chairman now calls on the Opposition to sum up. Mr. Opposition, still very agitated by the last remark, becomes inarticulate in his endeavour to prove his point, and finally subsides, murmuring, "But I say, Where is the Man?"

Mr. Proposition, smug, in spite of all, insists that he has been more convinced than ever of the idiocy of the Opposition and of the House in general, and still more convinced that an answer to his own original question would solve the whole matter. (Furious and ironical applause.)

Mr. Chairman (interrupting hastily): "A note has just been sent to the Chair: (reads) 'Might not the question before the House be "that the Child is Father to the Man"?' " (The House breaks up amid terrible confusion.)

MILTON MODERNISED.

ON MR. C-SS-N'S CAR.

"And that two-cylinder engine at the door
Stands ready to spark once and spark no more."

(LYCIDAS.)

Chemistry Laboratory,
10th June, 1924.

To the Editor, "The College Magazine."

Dear Sir,—I should like to invoke the aid of the Faculty of Arts in elucidating what is apparently a very remarkable example of "poetic licence." In view of an approaching period of school practice, I recently attempted to make up a lesson correlating history, geography, literature and practical geometry, by teaching Browning's "Home-thoughts from the Sea." Browning claims that he can see Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west and Trafalgar to the North-east—no mean feat of vision, since the distance between these two places is about three hundred miles. Moreover, on working out the position of the ship, it is found that Cadiz and Trafalgar are nearly one hundred miles due North, in spite of which Browning says:—

"Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish mid the burning waters, full in face Trafalgar lay."

Can any student of English or geography explain these remarkable lines, or must we turn to our medical adviser?

Yours in perplexity,

BEN ZENE.

[A terrible example of what the man of science can accomplish in the sacred realm of literature. We have no hesitation in strongly advising the writer to turn to his medical adviser with the utmost expedition.—ED.]

To the Editor, "The College Magazine."

Dear Sir,—May I suggest that the work of the various committees who carry on the social life of the College would be considerably facilitated if the elections of new committees were held at the beginning of the Summer Term, instead of in its last few weeks, as at present?

Such an arrangement would enable new members to obtain from their departing predecessors very useful help and advice for the guidance of their future activities, and I feel sure that, to establish in every club and society a continuous tradition, every senior official would cheerfully give all the information he could, as to the administrative details of his post, to the student destined to succeed him.

Yours faithfully, E.P.

[The bare idea of our successor vigorously engaged in editing this number of the Mag., for practice, with an occasional helpful suggestion from ourself, moves us to accord this proposal the most enthusiastic support.—ED.]



WISEMAN'S LTD.,

Fine Art Galleries,

54, ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON.

Fine Art Dealers .
and
Artists' Colourmen.

Agents for—

WINSOR & NEWTON,
ROBERSON, ROWNEY and REEVES.



Large Stock of
Mathematical Instruments

Always on hand.

Telephone 4704.

ROSE & Co.

Telephone No. 3452.

FANCY GOODS, STATIONERY

AND

PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS.

FOUNTAIN PEN EXPERTS.

All Fountain Pens and Stylos Repaired at Small Cost.

Large and Assorted Stock of Mathematical Instruments.

Exercise and Science Books, etc.

Agents for Winsor & Newton's and Reeves' Artists' Materials.

161, Portswood Road, Southampton.

AND AT 44, ABOVE BAR.

NOEL & Co.

Telephone 4381,

120-122, ABOVE BAR, SOUTHAMPTON

(Near Clock Tower).

**TAILORS, HOSIERS,
HATTERS,
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE OUTFITTERS.**

We offer the Best Possible Value in
READY-TO-WEAR & TAILOR-MADE CLOTHING
of every description.

LADIES' TAILORING A SPECIALITY.

AGENTS FOR

Burberry's Weatherproof Coats—Ladies' and Gentlemen's.
Distingué Waterproofs.
Pesco, Ellico and Wolsey (All-Wool Unshrinkable Underwear).
Dent's and Fownes' Gloves—Ladies' and Gentlemen's.

Specialists in Athletic Outfits.

SPECIAL QUOTATIONS

To Cricket, Tennis, Hockey, Golf, Football and other Clubs.
SLAZENGERS', BUSSEY'S, AYRES' AND ALL BEST MAKES
OF ATHLETIC AND SPORTS GOODS STOCKED.

University College Colours

Are kept in Stock in the following—
**Tennis Coats, Caps, Ties, Mufflers, Jerseys,
Stockings, Belts, Hat Bands, etc.**

PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.